THE COAST PATROL.

Draw closer your ollskin jacket To baffle the swirling snow, For to-night's storm is the flercest That ever the cape did know.

The flery eye of the lighthouse, That has flashed its warnings far Out where the pitiless breakers Are pounding the seething bar,

Has been fast closed by the pelting
Of snow and blinding sleet.
What help is there now for the vessel
A waif from the scattered fleet?

Go down on the wreck-strewn beaches Where the sea gives up its dead; Perchance there will be one living When the hungry waves are fed.

Go up on the reeling headlands, Where the sand and sleet fly fast, Propelled by a thousand furies, Pursued by the shricking blast,

And list for the boom of the cannon When the tempest has paused for breath; Where the mad waves are frightfully leap-

There are men face to face with death.

Then fight your way to the life crew, Those seamen true and brave, Who will battle the wildest billows. Fear not! there are lives to save. May the God who rules above us

Save to-night from the storm's wild Both the sailor and lonely surfman
Patrolling his wreck-atrewn path.

George A. Cowen, in Boston Transcript.



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CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED.

A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies,, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and reeled out in the darkness without the faintest thought of danger.

A heavy blow behind the ear suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stifled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assallant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

'Struck a snag that time, didn't yer?" he demanded, grimly, seating himself wrists so that he could not draw

"Let me up, blast yer!" was the sullen

reply as the man tried in vain to move.
"Want ter get up? All right, pard. Jest remember I've got a gun agin yer ribs, though, an' if yer don't go all quiet I'll let a hole through yer!"

As he spoke he arose and allowed the man to do likewise, keeping a stout grip on his collar. Then he said, sternly: "Go on where I push yer. I want ter

see yer face."

A short walk brought them to the tent where Rider and Bowers slept, and into this the latter conducted his prisoner and lita candle.

The light showed the face of a man about 30 years, with an expression of ferocity which was revolting, but Bowers surveyed it with satisfaction as he "Well. Mr. Man, what made yer tackle

me? Hard up?" "Yes:"

The fellow gazed at him unflinchingly as he spoke.

"I s'pose yer know I could come pretty near hevin' yer hung fer this job?"

"Do it, d- yer, an' don't talk about it." was the prompt reply.

Bowers released his grip, produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket and held it toward his companion, saying:

"Take a drink. You're a man after my own heart, you be. You an' I kin do business, I guess. How would yer Mke fer lay yer paws on a couple o' hundred thou, all in dust an' nuggets?'

"What's that yer saying?" replied the man, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve as he lowered the bottle. "Are yer makin' game of me or what the-"

"Do I look like a chap that fooled?" anarled Bowers, angrily. "I ain't thet kind. I know some chaps as has got a few hundred pounds o' the yaller stuff all dug, an' if I had two or three good men they'd whack up the swag with

"I'm yer man!" exclaimed the other, looking him full in the eye. "I ain't scared of a little blood. I'm desperate

and I'll join yer!" "Know another good man we could trust?" asked lfowers. "I've got a white-livered cuss with me as I'm goin' > cut loose from pretty quick. Three

will be plenty ter do the job." "Plenty ter divide with, too. Why can't we manage it between us?"

'Course we kin," said Bowers, "an' the fewer in it the better. Two good men is better'n twenty fer such a job. Will yer stick ter me, no matter what

"I never west back on a chum yet,"

was the prompt reply. "All right. Now, what's yer name,

"My name's Turner." "Wall, Turner, let's finish this licker the fust thing."

this, and then Bowers said:

"I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer where the game is ter be played. You git one-third of ther swag an' I git twothirds. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I can't kick on that." "All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrer we'll see if thar's any hosses ter be got. If I hadn't been a chump I'd held on ter what I brought in with me when I come."

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' ther was any fuss here over it. I dassent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat with us."

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and, early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles

on their way, Bowers said: "Now, pards, we're out fer big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some o' the party we're after any time. They can't tote all their dust in on their backs an' then thar's that girl. They must hev 'bout enuff by this time an' they'll like enuff send one o' the men ter Dyea after hosses fer the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner.
"Wall," continued Bowers, "we must keep our eyes peeled that we don't let ourselves be seen by any sech man. It'll spile everything if we do."

It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speek far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explaimed:

"Thar's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one o' them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do fer us all ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass ther time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's

out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer." Turner at once walked ahead, while his two companions secreted themselves in the underbrush. They saw Turner stop and converse with the stranger a few moments, when the latter drew near

them, and Bowers whispered: "It's the man they call Taylor! He's goin' after hossessure!"

All unconscious of the proximity of the two men, Taylor tramped sturdily on, and was soon out of hearing in the woods. Then the two left their ambush and hurried after Turner, who awaited them far out on the plain.

"What did he say?" inquired Bowers, eagerly. "Asked me where I was bound an'

on the other's breast and holding his | whether there was any hosses ter be got in Dyea," said Turner. who never seemed to waste a word.

"I knew it!" declared Bowers. "Now all we've got ter do is find a snug place this side whar the trail splits an' take it easy till the dust is under our eyes. He'll be back pretty quick if he gits any hosses an' then we won't hev much longer ter wait."

Several days later saw them securely hidden in a piece of dense woods, but each day was divided into watches, when they took turns standing on sentinel duty. From a knoll a short distance from the hut they had built the trail was visible for fully a mile, and from daylight to dark they watched it

Their patience was rewarded when, late one afternoon, they saw Dick Taylor riding along to the north, leading a string of horses behind him.

"Our time is most up now," said Bowers, grimly. "He'll fetch the mine by to-morrer. Them two chaps with him I've seen round Dyea. They're rich chaps, I've heard. He's picked 'em up an' is goin' ter sell out."

"How many will there be of them?" asked Turner, "an' how's the trick ter be done when they git here? D'yer reckon a regular holdup, or what?"

"We might do it in thet way," said Bowers, "an' stan' the risk o' gittin' wiped out, but it won't do ter risk it. There'll be too many of 'em. I've got a scheme I'm goin' ter spring on 'em. Let's git back under cover an' I'll tell

yet what it is." When they reached their rude shelter and lighted their pipes he outlined his plan as follows:

Upon sighting the party Rider was to conceal himself in the woods near the hut. Bowers himself was to remain in the hut on the boughs which served him for a bed, while Turner's part was to meet the travelers and play the role of a decoy.

"They all know my phiz," said Bowers, "an' some o' them knows Rider. You are the only one they don't know. Of course, Taylor will remember meetin' yer the other day when he was goin' in, an' yer can tell him you've met a chap as is shot himself by mistake, an' is almost dead. Ask one of 'em ter come an' see if there's any chance fer him, or seenthin' like that. One of 'em | feigned surprise. is sure ter come, an' when he gits inside the shanty we kin hold him up

darned quick." "But what about the rest of them?" asked Rider.

"Why, yer chump, when this one don't come back it's ten ter one thet another feller'll come lookin' arter him, an' we'll fix him too. Then if the a trap? Remember what we are taking the third, making that union invalid rest don't come we'll go out with our guns ail of a sudden an' hold 'em up. We'll take all thar guns an' horses an' light out lively fer Dawson City. They'll be sure we've gone ter Dyea an' | with him an' I hadn't ther heart ter | rate. -Paris Herald.

ter Dyea. We kin git down by water an' then take ther steamer fer Seattle, while they're lookin' fer us round Dyca

or Skaguay. See?"
"Great head," said Turner, sententiously, while even Rider began to be impressed with the clever scheme. It was also a great relief to know that derness. there was to be no bloodshed, for, bad as he was, he had not the heart for such deeds when he was sober.

After carefully discussing every phase of their villainous plot and arranging the details the trio stretched themselves on their rude beds and were soon sleeping as soundly as though no guilt rested on their minds.

> CHAPTER XVL ROBBED.

All unconscious of the snare ahead of them, the successful gold hunters rode gold secured on their animals and their hearts filled with natural thanksgiving at their success. They were rich-rich beyond their wildest hopes, and it had all been done in a few short weeks.

They had registered their claims in Dyea, but there was considerable doubt whether they were located in American or British territory, as the boundary line was not exactly known. This, however, had been fairly explained to the purchasers, who declared their willingness to take the risk. This they could well afford to do, for they had bought the claims for about one-quarter their actual value, and were well aware of the fact. They had only to register them in Dawson also to make themselves safe.

Their progress was necessarily slow, for each horse carried not only a rider, but a large amount of gold as well. Where the trail was very rough the men were forced to dismount at times, so that it was nearly night on the second day when the party drew near the piece of woods where Hank Bowers and his rascally confederates were hidden

Taylor was leading the way as they reached the first trees, where already the lengthening shadows were stretching across the trail. The others were straggling along behind him, while Tom and Clara Avery rode side by side in the rear.

In fact this had already become his



apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that the young couple had met their fate in

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and came directly toward him, shouting:

"Stranger! Hold on!" Cheeking in his horse, Taylor allowed he man to reach his horse's side and then exclaimed:

"Who are you and what do you

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted.

"There's a man back in the woods a little way here that is hurt bad," replied the newcomer, "Won't one o' yer come an' see if sumthin' can't be did fer him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger. He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a sear across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the slightest suspicion of danger as he

"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse throwed him, he says. Then his pardner skipped off an' left him ter kick ther bucket alone."

As the man spoke Taylor suddenly remembered his face. "Didn't I meet you not long ago on

this trail?" he demanded. With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him

a moment, then exclaimed: "Right yer are, stranger! Yer was boun' fer Dyea afoot an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes, I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it,

but he's dyin' sure's yer born." "What's his name?" asked Avery, and who is he?"

"Says bis name's Rider. Obed-" "Obed Rider!" cried Tom and the second mate, simultaneously,

"That's it! D'yer know him?" asked the stranger, looking at them with well-"The seoundrel!" eried Tom, jumping

from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!" But Avery spoke up at this point and

"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' one man. This Rider begged me ter stay

It did not take long to accomplish | we'll git off clean with the gold. It's | leave him. I wouldn't seave a dog ter algher ter Dawson anyhow, then it is die in the bush alone. If yer don't want ter come, all right, but I hoped yer was men enuff fer that. I'm goin' back ter him. He may be dead by this time."

"Where does your man say he's from?" demanded Tom, his anger melting away as he thought of his enemy dying miserably by himself in this wil-

"He says he's from Dyea. He had a pardner named Butters or some such name. He's out of his head sometimes an' goes on 'bout a lot o' gold an' how some one's goin' ter git held up an' sech nonsense. Then he's got some papers an' all he thinks about when he sees 'em is some gold mine an' a chap named

"That settles it!" cried Tom. "Come on, Green, we'll go."

Without waiting to hear another word the man turned on his heel and led the way among the stunted pines from whence he had emerged. Tom and cheerfully along over the trail, their Green followed him and the rest dismounted to await their return.

[TO BE CONTINUED ]

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

The Perversity of Human Nature Crops Out Even Under the Most Advantageous Circumstances.

How true It is that what man cannot get he desires most. From the little lad of a few summers, to the aged gentleman of 80 years, there is no one to whom this truth does not apply. The boy sees a toy and he wants one like it. The world will never be right with him, he thinks, until he has a jack-in-the-box like that of his playmate whom his mother takes him to visit once in awhile, and then its glory fades, and he must needs have a set of blocks and build houses with them. He builds houses for a brief space, then sees something else and wants that. Dresses must soon give way to short trousers or he will never be satisfied. He is finally put into short trousers and for a few days he is quite the proudest creature in the household. But the pleasure he gets in thinking what a man he is soon gives way to his desire to go to school; that is followed by his anxiety to get out of school and to college. But a few years of college life, notwithstanding its freedom from care, and its delightful friendships, cannot keep away the restlessness to get out into active life and to become a man of the world, taking part in its struggles and its progress. And then ambitions of one kind or another come to him and he strives and strives in this direction or in that until he has attained his desire. But the attainment thereof does not bring with it the happiness he had anticipated. He must become rich, or he must make an artist, or a physician, or a literary man out of himself. But when he has done so there seems to be just as great a distance as before between him and his long-pursued happiness. And thus it goes the whole life through, one thing following another, and each one seeming to be the great object of living, that upon which he must center all his energies. This is "divine unrest."-Detroit Free Press.

WHEN FEET MADE HISTORY.

Bismarck's Anger at French Women Who Laughed at His Wife.

Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have existed. Women create history when they least suspect themselves of creation, and they alter a destiny when most unmindful of their deed. Bismarck was untriendly to France, but Empress Eugen e hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the

Tuileries. That evening there was a grand reception and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm.

Now, Princess Bismarck was tall and erous. As she walked she showed ?

great deal of sole. Eugenie an audible titter was heard scrambled out somehow, and gained

upon the feet of his wife. That settled the matter. The polit ical history of France was altered from that moment. A year later when Paris cannon over the ramparts and those "Take that for the feet of Princess Bismarck!" The slight was avenged .-Philadelphia Press.

Four Husbands, but No Bigamist.

The marrying of four husbands, be ing tried for bigamy and yet to escape the clutches of the law is not a very common occurrence. A Blackpoo woman married her fourth husband and was tried for bigamy, because her third husband was alive at the time but she proved that her first husband whom she had legal grounds for sup posing dead when she macried her see ond, was really alive when she married and the marriage of the fourth valid which goes to prove that the maxin that two wrongs do not make one right does not apply in English law, at cay



## PLAYING ALONE.

have some building-blocks, and play The Joillest games with them all day. I pile them high upon the table. And make the mighty Tower of Bahel; And then I build a railway train. With coal for freight and bags of grain With coal for freight and bags of grait
I'm passenger and engineer.
And I'm conductor, too—that's queer!
But when I play alone, you see,
I am obliged to be all three!
I build a church, with pews and choir,
And on the top a slender spire;
And make a temple on the plan
Of one that stands in far Japan,
Just like the picture which I took
From out my last year, a Christmas ho From out my last year's Christmas book I build a castle, grand and tall, Surrounded by a thick, high wall; Storehouses, too—a solid block; And once I built a great, wide dock, And poured some water in a pail.
On which my paper ship could sail.
And made believe it was a sea.
Oh, that was fun enough for me!

## UNIQUE-FOUR-IN-HAND.

If you have blocks and toys your owa. "Tis not so bad to play alone!

-Woodson St. George, in Youth's Compan-

New Jersey Girls Have Trained Some Turtle Pets to Draw a Doll's Carriage.

There are four girls in New Brunswick, N. J., who devoted a good part of their leisure time to rearing and training turtles. They have about three dozen of them now, and of these four were so intelligent that they were trained to do all manner of queer things. Among other things they were harnessed together like a four-in-hand

and made to draw a doll's baby carriage. The girls have now arrived at that age when they begin to think of doing up their hair, letting down their skirts and going to parties, and though they hate very much to give up their pets they begin to find them something of a burden. The mere matter of feeding them is in itself a big task. These reptiles eat most anything, but they have a



TURTLES DRAWING DOLL CAR-RIAGE.

particular liking for snails and worms, and, like grown people, they can acquire a taste for almost anything.

Last summer, when strawberries were plentiful, these three dozen turtles made away with two quarts of them, and then, by way of an entree, they disposed of 217 angleworms which a boy had been specially hired to dig for them. So you see, catering to a turtle is not the easiest thing in the world.

When cold weather comes on, just before frost, these queer pets wriggle their way down into the soft ground as though it were quicksand, until they are completely hidden from view. There they remain until spring thaws everything, when they once more re- spent his time in playing pranks, and appear.-N. Y. Herald.

ened Her Mistress.

ANIMAL LIFE-SAVERS. How a Pet Pony Saved His Master from Drowning and a Cat Res-

An interesting incident was that in which a pet pony was the direct means of saving his young master from drowning. The two had been out together for some miles for the usual morning ride, and on the return journey rode through some fields, wherein were some ice-covered ponds. These gaunt and ugly, and her feet were gen- the venturesome lad attempted to cross, but in the center of the largest the ice gave way, and both pony and While Bismarck stood talking with rider were immersed. The pony along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who the ground; but returned to the aid of dragged, safely to shore.

In another notable incident a young girl was rescued from what might have been a dreadful death by the was besieged Bismarck himself fired a action of a pet kitten. The two had wandered from their cottage home who were near him heard him shout; into the woods, where the curious girl had inspected the hollow trunk of an old oak tree from the top end, and in so doing had slipped down into ten, which appeared to understand the into the water. trouble of its youthful mistress, returned home, and mewed piteously unand the girl was saved from what fine revenge they would have, might otherwise have been a living

Scowells-Have you read my last

death.

book, Miss Brisny? I lost no time doing that .-- Brooklyn DOG FOUGHT INDIANS.

Newfoundland of Pioneer Days Whose Memory Is Honored in a Kentucky Family.

Mrs. Mattie Gilbert, living near Woodland, Ky., is the possessor of an oil painting, the subject of which has an extraordinary history. The paint-ing depicts a Newfoundland dog standing near the open doorway of a pioneer cabin. This dog, "Tom" by name, was father, Peter Patrick, and, with the latter, figured in the early Indian wars in Ohio and Kentucky. He was in the battle of the Sandusky, in which Col. Crawford was defeated; in Gen. Harmer's defeat at old Chillicothe; in Gen. St. Clair's defeat, and in Anthony Wayne's great and victorious battle on the Maumee, "Tom," though wound-



TOM, THE INDIAN FIGHTER

ed many times, lived to a great age, and to his death was a beloved and honored member of his master's family. He despised an Indian, and it is said many a red man fell a victim to his ferocious attacks.

The last engagement in which "Tom" figured was probably in 1795, when a band of Indians attacked a small settlement of whites in the eastern portion of Nelson county. In this attack many of the settlers were massacred and a number were made captives and taken to the Indian towns in Ohio.

During this fight "Tom and his master did yeoman service, but finally, seeing that all the odds were against them, they fled to the dense forest surrounding the settlement. They were pursued, however, by a couple of Indian warriors and an encounter took place.

"Tom" sprang upon one of the Indians, and notwithstanding the latter was a brawny fellow, soon made short work of him. The dog's master, Peter Patrick, had not been so fortunate. His adversary had closed in upon him and had nearly overpowered him. At this juncture the faithful dog attacked the Indian from the rear. The latter turned upon the animal and struck him a vicious blow upon the head with his tomahawk. This momentary diversion gave Patrick an advantage, and he drove his knife to the hilt in the Indian's heart, killing him instantly. "Tom" and his master then succeeded in making their way to Lyen's fort, and in time Patrick became an honored citizen of Nolan county. "Tom," though he lived for several years afterward, never fully recovered from the effects of the blow he received at the hands

of the Indian. The picture of this remarkable dog here shown was photographed from the painting in the possession of the venerable Mrs. Gilbert. - Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE BITER BITTEN.

How Coco, a Mischievous South American Monkey, Lost His Long, Graceful Tail.

In South America there once lived a young monkey named Coco, who ven perpetrating cruelties upon his friends and neighbors in the forest. All the animals feared him so much that they organized picket service.

The birds took turns in perching upon the high branches of the trees, and whenever the young monkey made his appearance shrill cries of "Look out! here comes Coco!" resounded on all sides. So he soon found himself deprived of his accustomed pleasurethe plaguing and torturing of animals smaller and weaker than himself.

One afternoon, however, he thought he saw one of the sentinels asleep on the branch of a tree that overhung a stream. He stealthily approached, glancing from right to left, but there was not a cry of alarm.

"At last I shall avenge myself,"

thought Coco. was quick as a flash, followed the its young master, who, by holding the tree, and, hanging by the end of He climbed noiselessly to the top of glance of their eyes and saw them rest tightly to its ample mane, was his tail, let himself carefully down to the branch on which the bird was perched. It was a huge gray bird, with an enormous beak. Coco balanced himself and with one paw seized the bird's tail and pulled out

> The bird screamed and the monkey laughed, but the laugh was suddenly cut short. The bird, at first stupefied by the sudden attack, quickly recovthe duep cavity, and was unable to ered itself, and, turning, it bit Coco's extricate herself therefrom. The kit- tail off. Howling with pain Coco fell

all the feathers.

As he limped sorrowfully home he was greeted on all sides by the hisstil it isduced a member of the family ingof serpents and the mocking laughto go with it to the wood, where the ter of birds. His mother dressed the cause of its distress soon became ap- stump of the tall, and tried to conparent. Help was soon forthcoming. sole him for his loss by planning the

"No! no!" said Coco; "they might cut off the little that remains of my tall the next time."

The lesson had been profitable. The bird's tail grew out again, but Coco's Miss Lrisay-How can you ask such remained short; and he was always a question, Mr. Scowells? Believe me, sad, for he was very ugly without his long, graceful tall.-Circinvati En